

and I longed for her to be
mine.

I loved her with all my
heart. I loved her for her
youth. I loved her for her
joy. But she spurned me!

Old One was my name to
her - Elder and Brother also.
Her heart went to Sergei.
They were betrothed. The date
was set.

With words she called me
brother, but when I looked
into her eyes they reflected
another name: Death.

It was the death of the
aged that she saw in me.
She loved her youth and
enjoyed it. But I had



the
Sacred Tome

of

Strahd Von Zarovich

Count of Barovia

and Lord of

Castle Ravenloft.

I am the Ancient.
I am the Land.

My beginnings are lost
in the darkness of the past.
I was the warrior, I was
good and just. I thundered
across the land like the wrath
of a just god, but the war
years and the killing years
wore down my soul as the
wind wears stone into sand.

All goodness slipped from
my life.

I found my youth and
strength gone, and all I
had left was death. My
army settled in the valley of

Darovia and took power over
the people in the name of a
just god, but with none of a
god's grace or justice.

I called for my family,
long unseated from their
ancient thrones, and brought
them here to settle in the
castle Ravenloft. They
came with a younger brother
of mine, Sergei. He was
handsome and youthful. I
hated him for both.

From the families of the
valley, one spirit shone above
all others. A rare beauty, who
was called perfection, joy,
and treasure.

Her name was Tatyana

taunts me! What will it take
to bend her love to me?

I now reside far below
Ravenloft. I live among
the dead and sleep beneath
the very stones of this hollow
castle of despair. I shall seal
shut the walls of the stairs so
that none may disturb me.

squandered mine.

The death she saw in me
turned her from me. And so
I came to hate death - my
death.

My hate is very strong.
I would not be called
Death so soon. I made a
pact with Death, a pact
of blood. On the day of the
wedding, I killed Sergei, my
brother. My pact was sealed
with his blood.

I found Tatyana weeping
in the garden east of the
chapel. She fled from me.
She would not let me explain,
and a great anger swelled
within me.

She had to understand the
fact I made for her.

I pursued her. Finally, in
despair, she flung herself from
the walls of Ravenloft,
and I watched everything I
ever wanted fall from my
grasp forever.

It was a thousand feet
through the mists. No trace of
her was ever found. Not even
I know her final fate.

Arrows from the castle
guards pierced me to my soul,
but I did not die. Nor did
I live. I became Undeath,
forever.

I have studied much
since then. Vampyre is my

new name. I still lust for
life and youth, and I curse
the living that took them from
me. Even the sun is against
me. It is the sun and its
light I fear the most, but
little else can harm me now.
Even a stake through my
heart does not kill me, though
it holds me from movement.
But the sword, that cursed
sword that Sergei brought! I
must dispose of that awful
tool! I fear and hate it as
much as the sun.

I have often hunted for
Tatyana. I have even felt
her within my grasp, but she
escapes. She taunts me! She

[illegible]

A new discovery for this
accursed existence - I walked
to the river Tivlis and all of
a sudden missed the feeling
of its cool waters, but upon
stepping into the running
water I was burned as if by
acid! I could not transform
and fly myself away. What
new pain will hinder me
on the morrow? Do I
not deserve peace to enjoy
even nature's most innocuous
beauties?



I contain in me even the
deadly mists of Parovia,
for I can dissolve my form
until I float unnoticed in
the fog that chokes each town
in my domain.


I track the adventurers
this way, watching as they
clawed their way through
the Old Bonegrinder. The
performer in this group, whose
hair floats as if she drowns
constantly in water, is easy
to charm. I suspect she will
soon turn on the others and
bring them to me.

A beauty has been born,
though not of Letyana's equal.
None can surpass her in
that regard. I tried to enter
her room through the window
and simply take her, but I
was unable! A force barred me
from entering! When I asked
if I could enter, however,
the force vanished. I must
be welcomed into a place,
but it is of no matter, for I
can charm any to allow me
entrance. A curious finding,
but nothing more.

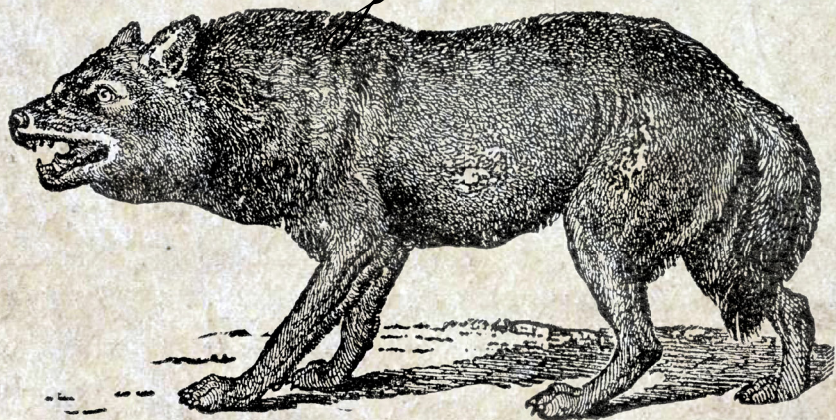
A strange group has arrived
in these lands, lured by
my spies, and they show
great bravery. Perhaps one of
them will appease the Dark
Powers, and will take my
place in this cursed realm, so
that I may finally be free.

Still I wait for Letyana,
for I can feel that she must
return soon.

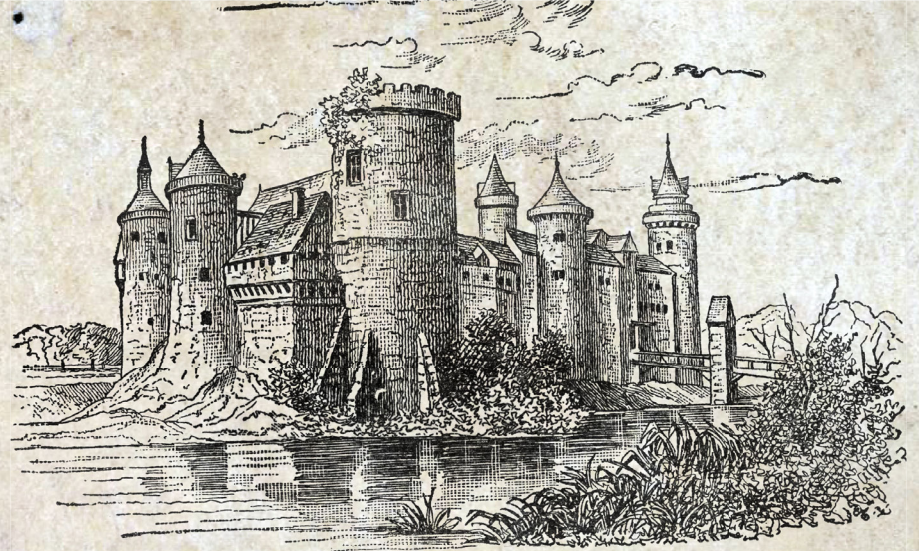
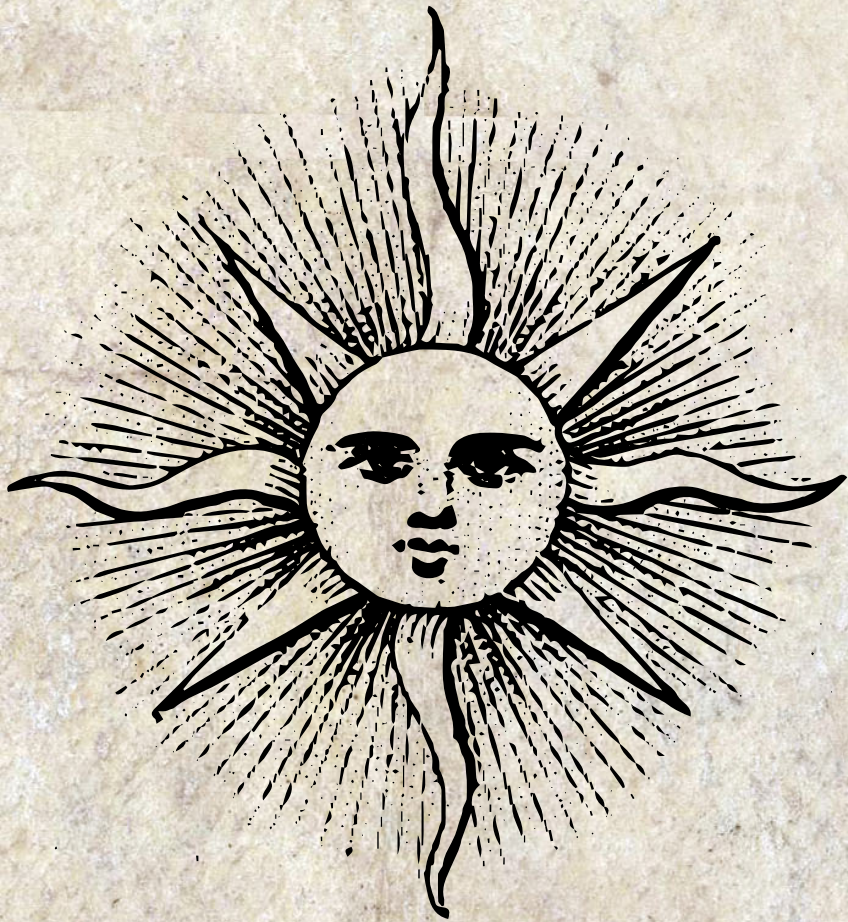
To see her face again, to
hear her sweet voice... it has
been so many years. She will
finally be mine.



I have many forms, but I
favor most often the wolf.
Though it breaks each bone
as I shift, the power that
lurks in the wolf's body is
selective. I can pounce and
hunt with an urgency I do
not feel in my vampire form,
and my body is quick to
anger or react to threat. Often
I find myself becoming a
wolf only, to run the length
of Barovia, for I feel more
alive this way.



What could the symbol of the
Morningglow do to one such
as myself, Unclear for eternity,
and cursed to the darkness?
Nothing. Nothing!



I dreamt of Letyana again.
She flung herself from the
tower, over and over, and I
could do nothing but watch.
There was fear and hatred in
her eyes, and I think she
was hateful of Death for
what it would take from her:
for her beauty and youth
would be no more. But when
she returns I will save her
from Death, for she will
never die at my side.



To bring back
the least must
is not beyond
the Dark
Powers, and
still they
do not answer
my pleas. How

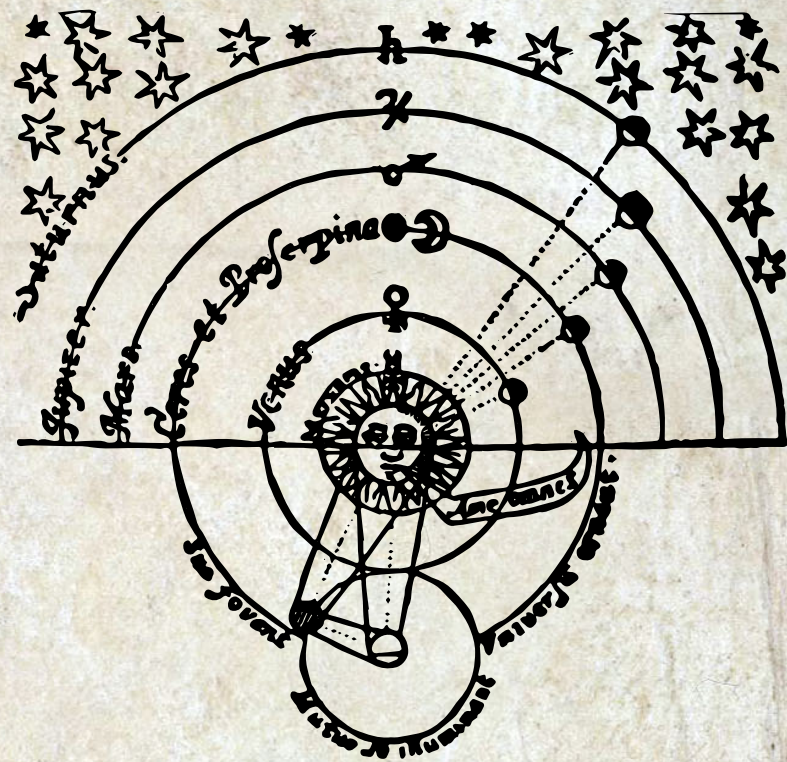
I rage at them some nights!
And let the Darovians feel
the true terror of my wrath
and my pain!

I have discovered that
I possess the curses of the
Vistani, and that I can
invoke them as a spell as
easily as they are able to raise
their fingers. To disfigure those
that think themselves beautiful
shall be my favorite, for
none can be as beautiful as
Latzana!

Dreams plague me once more!
 I do not wish to relive the
 moment I became Vampyr
 any longer!



Latyana is so close to me! I
 can feel her soul is close to
 being reborn.



Dawn is a necessity here,
 and sun. I wonder if
 my spies can take the spell
 beyond Parovia to get this
 cursed light.

Failure! Failure! Again failure! She is not in this world nor the next, for no soul may escape Barovia until the Dark Powers are appeased.

Where is she?

Tatyana! Return to me!

A wizard with great power came to Castle Ravenloft, with peasants who fled at the first sign of my presence. They know that they are doomed, yet still they try to overthrow me. They know nothing, could not begin to know the depths of their plight. I will take my revenge.



I have sent my wolves to find Tatyana for I feel she has been born once again. But they were thwarted by ravens! Now I shall strike down every raven that comes into my path, or makes themselves known to my spies. They have some secret purpose, and I can sense the way they hope to end my reign. Now I will laugh at their every failure!

I have found a new toy, an innocent named Gertucla. How she screams and shakes at my touch! Her fear feeds me. What a lovely gift to take up my time, as my spies return from their mission. I await the new heroes who find themselves in this place, but I am bored with adventurers, and will end them quickly. I wish to play with my lovely toy.

Gertucla screams even now. What sweet music it is!

pe de Mureș, sub muntele
de la Mureș, unde se află
un loc cu o fortificație
pe care se vede
Căpșuș, care din vremea
lui Traian se numea
Fonțuș. În anul 1878
a fost construită o
cămină pentru bătrâni și
copii, în apropierea
Căminului, unde se
află o biserică, care
se numește
Biserica Sf. Ioan. În
anul 1878 a fost
construită o
cămină pentru bătrâni
și copii, în apropierea
Căminului, unde se
află o biserică, care
se numește

Alteori se vede
un loc cu o fortificație
pe care se vede
Căpșuș, care din vremea
lui Traian se numea
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The old witch Baba Lysaga
 has made creatures whose
 purpose is to hunt and eat
 these ravens. I am told they
 are fearsome, clawed things
 that strike fear even into the
 soulless of Barovia.

I await the pleasure of their
 suffering.

I have found her! Though
she does not realize her love
for me yet, I know she will
soon remember, and we shall
be joined for all eternity. Ah!
Her blood was the sweetest
thing I have tasted in all
these long years! I shall
return for her tonight, and rid
her of this false family she
finds herself in. I am her
true mate, and we shall be the
only family that matters in
all the planes of this realm.

I almost have her, my
Tatyana. One more bite and
she will turn, and we can
finally be together for all
eternity.





bleu lung, din fat din spate,
le chestii colorate care se
potrivesc aproape prea strâns.

I know the Hunter is here.
I have word from my spies
that he travels in a caravan
of some kind, a mask to hide
his true form. He cannot
hide from me. He is in
Barovia because the Dark
Towers made it so, and there
I know I will find him,
and end him once and for
all. Perhaps I shall turn
him into one of my vampire
spawn, and watch him become
a wretched thing for all time.
Death would be too kind.

propter illud quod in his actibus
non habet eam in tuba sicut
in tuba sicut in

Ubi per curiam eam habet
habet transire per Londoniam
regit. In qua sicut in
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1841
The first of the year
has been a very dry one
and the crops are
all very much
dried up. The
wheat is all
gone and the
corn is all
dried up. The
cattle are all
dried up. The
horses are all
dried up. The
sheep are all
dried up. The
pigs are all
dried up. The
chickens are all
dried up. The
ducks are all
dried up. The
geese are all
dried up. The
turkeys are all
dried up. The
goats are all
dried up. The
rabbits are all
dried up. The
squirrels are all
dried up. The
mice are all
dried up. The
frogs are all
dried up. The
toads are all
dried up. The
snakes are all
dried up. The
lizards are all
dried up. The
insects are all
dried up. The
fish are all
dried up. The
amphibians are all
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dried up. The
systems are all
dried up. The
organisms are all
dried up. The
ecosystems are all
dried up. The
biomes are all
dried up. The
biosphere is all
dried up. The
universe is all
dried up.

